





LITERARY AND ART GOSSIP.  
A new English weekly newspaper, the *International Gazette*, has been started at Berlin.

The story entitled "Poppy" in *All the Year Round* is written by the Countess von Bothmar. Lord Lytton is, we hear, engaged upon an important work in the nature of a romance in verse, to be completed next year.

Mr. Gladstone is reported to be preparing a *Homerian Dictionary*, which he believes will take him two hind years to complete.

We (*Athenaeum*) understand that the average sale daily of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees is 7,000 copies.

M. M. Breckmann-Charrat's "Histoire du Paysan" has been translated into vulgar Russian, and published in the country.

A Lieutenant-Colored Page has compiled a history of the Persian frontier force, which will shortly be published.

Mr. Thomas Woolner, A.R.A., has been elected a Royal Academician in the room of Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., deceased.

Victor Hugo has just completed the second part of his "Histoire d'Urbain." It will be entitled "La Guerre Extrême."

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A colossal statue of the late Mr. Thomas Cubitt, the well-known builder, who was mainly instrumental in the development of the neighbouring boroughs of Pimlico and Brixton, is in the engraver's hands. It is intended to illustrate the forthcoming volume of "Ancient and Modern Songs and Ballads of Lancashire," which will contain some of Mr. Swain's lyrics.

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The *Continental Herald*, which has appeared daily in Geneva for some time past, and has had a remarkably prosperous career, now printed and published in Paris as a daily paper of eight full-sized pages. The *Continental Herald* and *Stocks Times* appear heretofore in Geneva.

Some relics have been found of André Chénier, the once popular poet, who was galloping in the French revolution. He was celebrated in a poem called "Chénier's Love Dream," written by George Sydney Smith, who was the hero of D'Israeli's "Cinquecento," and who was afterwards Viscount Strangford.

The *National Food and Fuel Reformer* is the title of another new weekly journal devoted to the consideration and advancement of all matters relating to Food and Fuel. It contains sixteen pages with illustrations, and as it is also a weekly, it is cheap at two pence. It is published at 400, St. Martin's Lane.

Ernest Moritz Arneth, the author of "Wer ist der Deutsche Vaterland?" and of many other patriotic lyrics hardly less popular, is to receive a monument in Bergen, the capital of his native land, Norway, in the Baltic. It is five years since a committee formed for the purpose of carrying out the undertaking began its labours and already \$6000 dollars have been raised.

At the sale of Mr. Burry Gorwall's library, an edition of old plays, with autograph add. MS. notes, was sold for £25; and a presentation copy of Dickens's "Pictures from Italy," with an autograph inscription; an original edition of the "Book of Hours," and a copy of the "Sister Lucy's" "Ditty," were sold for £100.

In connection with the revived interest taken in Cawnpore, we (London *Evening Standard*) may state that there is now a prospect of the Memorial Church being completed, and that Messrs. Cox and Sons of Southampton, who are engaged on the work throughout the windows throughout the Octagon, are chiefly ornamental windows, and each one has a different memorial inscription below it. The church is cruciform, with an apex and tower surmounted by a low-brach spire; and is highly ornamented. It has been seventeen years in progress, through the delays made by the public works department; but has always been of great interest, especially from the numerous memorials that have been erected within its walls. One of these is to the memory of Major Edward Vibert, and several officers and soldiers, who were murdered after escaping from the massacre of Cawnpore.

Red Dates, 50 pence, at £1.60, by Waddington's Travelling trader.

Other Dates, 30 pence, at £1.00, by Yuen-tai to Hongkong.

Private dates, 30 pence, at £1.60, by Kinnaird to Hongkong.

WING-KEE COAL SALES.  
The Proprietor of Wing-kee Shop begs to inform the public that his Shop has been established since 1855 at Endicot's Lane, and that he has always a great quantity of BEST COAL in store for Sale. Gentlemen or Shipmasters wishing to patronise him, are requested to apply to his Shop.

Wing-kee Company's Shares—£75 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—34% per cent. discount.

Indo-Chinese Sugar Company—37 per share.

SALES ON JANUARY 28TH, 1875.  
As reported by Chinese.

Long New Pulp, 20 bags, at \$9.00, by Tai-foong-shan, to travelling trader.

Vermicelli, 50 bags, at \$6.85, by Tai-foong-shan to travelling trader.

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Wing-kee Coal Sales—  
20 bags at \$14.80, by Kwing-fook to travelling trader.

Fungus, 50 bags, at \$20.80, by Kwing-fook to travelling trader.

Almond, 60 bags, at \$18.00, by Kinnaird to travelling trader.

Hongkong, 23rd February, 1874.

#### MAHOMEDAN SUBJECTS OF RUSSIA.

An occasional correspondent of the Times, writing from St. Petersburg, says—

The new law of universal military recruitment appears to have been approved by the Prophet in the country. The Tartars in the Crimea had been deserting their homes by thousands until a strict police surveillance checked to some extent the panic; but small Turkish vessels still cruise along the coast and pick up hundreds of fugitives, who appear generally to have been Mahomedan nomads in a very degraded condition.—Greeks over the Black Sea to the Caspian, we are told, with another Mahomedan tribe, who are leaving the confines of civilization in order to return to their ancient deserts. The Tartars tribes who have long been settled in the Government of Astrakhan, are on the move. The Emperor consented to their emigration to the peninsula of Manchuria, and according to us has last October sent the Tartars, who shall not be admitted to this non-regulation Province by next May, will be registered as regular inhabitants of the district of Astrakhan, and will be liable to all the duties appertaining to that position. The eagerness of these people to leave the Regulation Province is exceedingly great, and they are described as living in dejection, poverty, and misery, of ten thousand families, of which contains a whole family with all their furniture and cooking utensils. Many of them are bound to 50,000 rubles, or £7,000, being by no means an unusual sum among the elders; they are active traders, and on their arrival at Mangiashak immediately get permits allowing them to trade with Astrakhan. All the emigrants to the East are said to be for Alex.

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## EXTRACTS.

YEARS AFTER.

I never loved him—for while  
I two were young friends, and yet  
I learned to prize the slow, and smile  
Which touched his features when we met.  
His words of greeting, light and brief,  
The clasp his fingers left on mine;  
And saw, with vague, unspoken grief,  
The signs which marked his life's decline.  
And when, awaiting certain doom,  
He lay at last, in his bosom calm,  
I could not bear to leave him—  
With flowers and words of friendly balm;

And when I bathed his closing hour,  
Or read, or talked—still, all the while,  
His earnest eyes—then hauntings now—  
Repaid me that slow, sad smile.

At last, one day, when gathering shades  
Made the spring landscape pale and drear,

He said, "Dear friend, you will be here."

"Yes, I will be here."

"And when you come, you will see—  
This troublous hard, this thining face,  
So—you were always kind to me."

Grant me, I pray, one gift of grace—

"I cannot reach you where you stand,  
Close, while I say good-bye,  
Nay, closer—let me hold your hand—  
And kiss you once before I die."

Ah, why that sudden storm of tears?  
It is not love that fills my breast,  
But I have all the year  
To bring him back to life again!

And when, next morn, beside the door,  
I waited in the soft May rain,  
They told me he had gone before.

And I had called my flowers in vain.

Ah, why, when half a score of years—  
Across his low, green grave have moved,  
Do I bethew with bitter tears?

The grave of our hero is moved!

We were young friends, I lost a—  
A smile, a smile, and all was said;

I stood not near his heart, nor guessed

That I should grieve if he were dead.

And yet, if on the earth he do—  
One soul that holds me half so dear—

His last blessing is to me,  
Or his memory, year by year,

It will be all I ask or crave.

To mend my bed or blemish my sleep,

Even though the stiper hand my grave,

I did not love her—wherefore weep?"

—The Argosy.

LADY GODIVA.

The Academy states that Mr. Watts, R.A., has recently commenced a painting of considerable size, the subject of which is a hitherto untouched moment in the story of Lady Godiva. Artists have invariably treated either the ride through the town, or the moment of setting out. In either case we naturally find her represented as occupying a very unusual situation in an undashed courage, driven by a touch of self-consciousness almost past the limit of confidence begins. Mr. Watts has set himself the task of conveying to his spectator an impression of the cost to the woman herself at which such an action as this must have been performed. "Not only we that pride of rights and wrongs have loved the people well—but she did more and underwent and overcame, the amount of a thousand summers back." Mr. Watts has selected the only moment in the rendering of which could fully embody the suffering entailed by the act, the moment of Lady Godiva's return after the deed has been accomplished. To direct hesitation at the point of setting out could only distract; in conveying the possibility of her refusing, with natural weaknes, the ordeal before her, and the ride itself must be without an instant's faltering. Whether success in her path she must none the less fearless be up, but at the moment of setting out the dress reaction would swiftly overtake courage, taxed to its uttermost powers of endurance. Mr. Watts shows the lady falling fainting from her paltry into the arms of the women who have hurried to receive her at the stroke of noon.

THE HOMES OF THE PAST.

Of the country homes of the transition period which followed the final breaking-up of the feudal monarchy, we have many agreeable glances in the diary of John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva," who, born in the reign of James I, and dying at the time of William III, bridges over for us a long eventful period in our history. In Evelyn's various good specimens of the new product of the time, the commercial agricultural gentleman. His immediate ancestors had acquired their wealth by the manufacture of gunpowder, had bought estates in Surrey, and became magnates of the court. The young Evelyn travelled much and studied largely the politics of the day. He is favourable to the cause of the king, but is too wary to risk life and property in his cause. He even starts on one occasion when the king is in a Hounslow, and his cause appears to be flourishing and attempts to join him; but he hears of his retreat, and prudently marches home again, sending, however, some time after, a man and horse for the king's service to Oxford. He is an amiable and accomplished gentleman; and we may be thankful that he escaped from the rough trials of the day to transmit to posterity his charming pictures of the life of his time. The homes to which Evelyn introduces us are those of the best society—cultivated, refined, bright, and joyous. French manners have largely come upon us. We have lost a good deal in strength, but have gained much in outward polish. Aubrey relates that in his youth the manners of men towards women were often rough and brutal in the extreme. Even at the court of James I, the queen, he says, could not approach the apartments of her consort without being insulted. All this is now changed; women mix freely with men, they discuss with them literature, politics, the passions. We are becoming alike to the beauty of nature; we study to adorn our grounds with trees and water; we assume to admit art, which, however, we little comprehend. We visit much from chateau to chateau; we form jousting-parties, and make merry at the hotels of the principal towns. We are still occupied about our nuptial costs, our rights and dues; but these are matters of business now, and we think of them as worth so much a year. There are still some among us who keep up the old ways—those who fill their houses with retables and a great number of all sorts—but these are fast disappearing. The land-holders—the small proprietors—have small advantages in a Gothic design. It was a Prussian fashion which grew immediately out of the yoke-ornaments, and then passed away. My set was more than a quarter of a century old; nobody knew when or where it had been bought, and I used to wear it with a secret belief that it had belonged to my young girl's contribution. She went about among her friends the proudest and happiest of all.

This simple story never failed to kindle in my childish heart the same glow with which in later years I read the speech of Jephtha's daughter in the "Dream of Fair Women."

My God, my land, my father!

How beautiful a thing it was to die

For God and for my sire!

When about fourteen, although my little story-book had long been thrown aside, I still cherished my enthusiasm for the golden-haired heroine; so I was highly delighted when a set of Berlin-iron ornaments was given me—bracelets, a brooch, and cross. They were not of the gray wire since known by that name, but of black iron open-worked with bright steel, and exquisitely wrought in a Gothic design. It was a Prussian fashion which grew immediately out of the yoke-ornaments, and then passed away.

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—The Argosy.

## ECOCENTRICITIES OF LANGUAGE.

We met an English officer at a *tâble d'hôte* who spoke French fluently enough, and asked for *canard sauvage*. Then turning to me with a laugh, he said, "How absurd! *sauve duck!*" Now pray observe how incapable this officer was of entering into the true meaning of the word *sauvage*, or at least of dissociating it from the powdered English meaning of *savage*. The idea of *ferocity*, as the ferocity of a *savage dog*, which seemed incongruous and therefore absurd in connection with a duck, is a purely English idea, not belonging to the foreign word at all. Convinced of this, he said, "Come, let us have the derivation of *sauvage*, then you have it in the Provengal *sauvage*, from the Latin *sauvus* from *sauvus*, a wood. And with a Frenchman he hears the word "*sauvage*," his mind is transported at once to walls, such as woods and mere, where wild-ducks are often found. Just so a Frenchman calls any plant *une plante sauvage* and quite rightly (a plant of the woods), without suspecting that some English critic may laugh at him for saying that he knows a hawk whereupon the savage thyme grows.—*International Review*.

## RUBAI SKETCH.

At Merchantside the sun rises over a wide expanse of dewy grass fields. Field linked to field, they reach out to the golden marshes, and these stretch away eastward to the sea. A bird flies rapidly inlandwards, trying to measure the bright distance with quick, weary pulsations. How low and little the earth looks compared with that sea of sunlit air and high-arched sky! A fragment mist still hangs here and there pierced by the sharp spay of a poplar, or caught on some shock-headed willow. Those willows melted into faint blue dots in the distance trace the winding lines of the dykes which creep across the marshes, and of the little grass-fringed blue rivers, in which some of them end their quiet wanderings. Over the gold and green land comes the dewy morning in great waves and gushes of freshness. The cows stand contentedly cropping buttercup grass and munching, and the weary cattle lie down. One after another in the little town of Merchantside, gates open, then close, eyes, and the threads of histories which have lain at rest since last night are taken up afresh; some which have gone so smoothly ever since the reel was set moving, ran on briefly to the first tangle; some frayed skeins mingle into still deeper confusion; and for some the knot of life is untied by the breaking of the thread.—*A Story of Three Sisters.* By Cecil Mawell.

## A GERMAN HEROINE.

Thirty years ago, when I was a very little girl, there was a story in one of my books which I always read with unreeling interest and delight. It excited a set of emotions which I was entirely unable to analyse, though I was aware, diffused wholly from those produced by fairy-tales, "Robinson Crusoe," "Paul and Virginia," or even my favourite "Tales from History," which were, as I knew, true, and some of them very moving. The story was this:—During the years 1807-12, Prussia was groaning under the tribute laid upon her by Napoleon—he had the nation prisoner, and demanded an enormous ransom.

Immense efforts and sacrifices were made by people of every class to raise the required sum, and liberate their country from the intolerable burden of foreign occupation. In every town altars were erected on which offerings were laid by all the best which they had:

Women gave half their fortunes, women their jewels and lace, families parted

with their richest heirlooms, and many a widow's mite helped to swell the fund; gold and silver plate were brought unwillingly, and the dovers ate from wooden spoons and platters; the only ornaments worn were of iron, with the inscription, "We have given our gold for our country's freedom; and like her we wear an iron yoke."

While my friend's reminiscences. A few years more passed, and a new war between France and Prussia broke out for the settlement of old scores. I thought of Fraulein von S.—, and wondered whether it did not seem like a dream when the old enemies and oppressors of her country, under another Bonaparte, again brought fire and sword within its folds, only to have the tables so terribly turned. The Prussian troops were still holding Rheine when I happened to pass through Eisebach in Weimar. I had taken

it into my head that this plain and pretty little old town, at the foot of the famous

Wartburg, was the old lady's home. I was

swallowing courage taxed to its uttermost

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the lady falling fainting from her paltry

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swallowing courage taxed to its uttermost

powers of endurance. Mr. Watts shows

the lady falling fainting from her paltry

into the arms of the women who have hurried

to receive her at the stroke of noon.

They had: men gave half their fortunes,

women their jewels and lace, families parted

with their richest heirlooms, and many a widow's mite helped to swell the fund; gold and silver plate were brought unwillingly, and the dovers ate from wooden spoons and platters; the only ornaments worn were of iron, with the inscription, "We have given our gold for our country's freedom; and like her we wear an iron yoke."

While my friend's reminiscences. A few years more passed, and a new war between France and Prussia broke out for the settlement of old scores. I thought of Fraulein von S.—, and wondered whether it did not seem like a dream when the old enemies and oppressors of her country, under another Bonaparte, again brought fire and sword within its folds, only to have the tables so terribly turned. The Prussian troops were still holding Rheine when I happened to pass through Eisebach in Weimar. I had taken

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